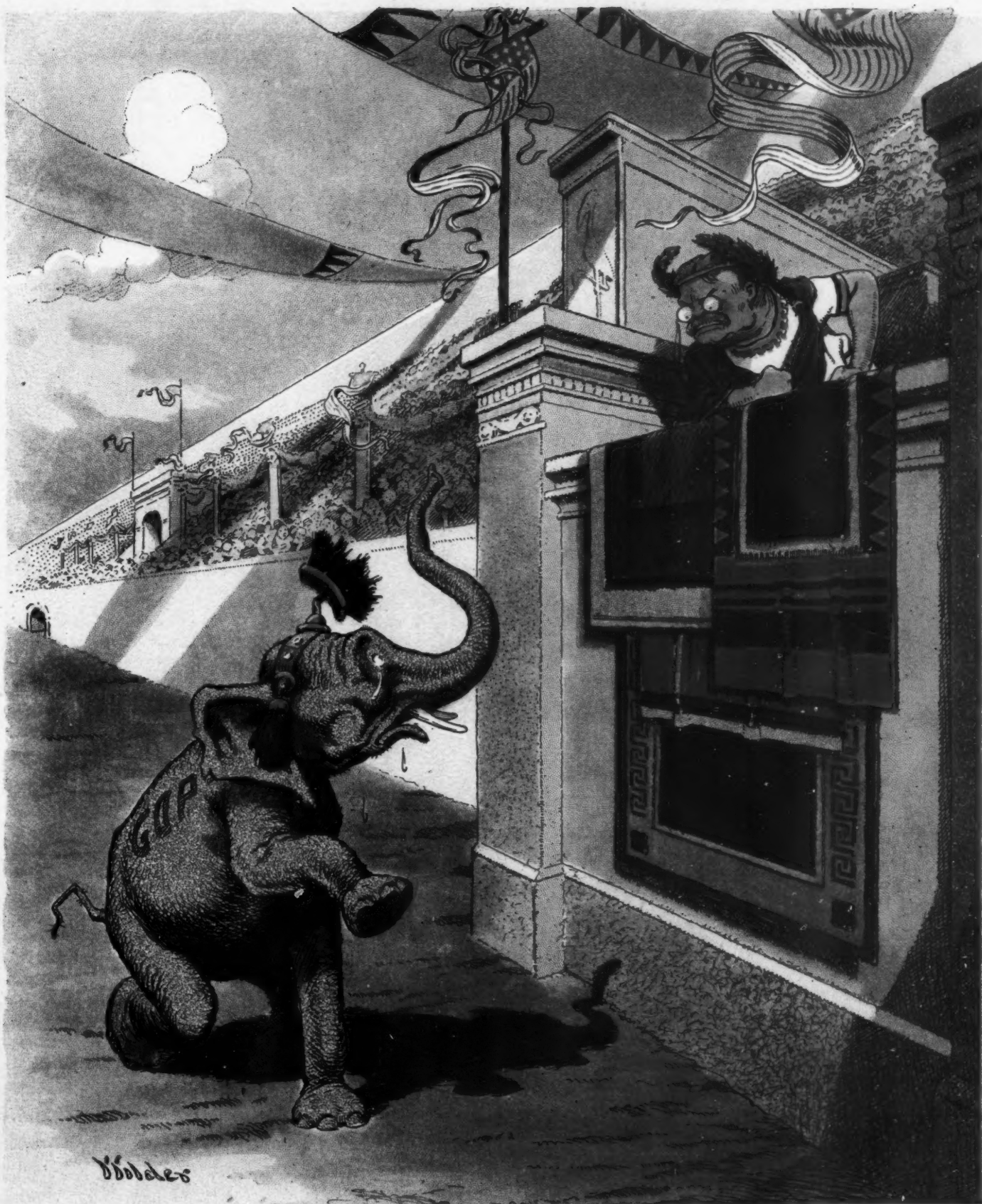


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PUCK



"HAIL, CAESAR! WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE SALUTE THEE!"



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

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Cartoons and Comments

WHY NOT DOUGLAS OF MASSACHUSETTS?

WHY, in a year when the Democratic Party is so rich in Presidential booms, is there not a Presidential boom in behalf of WILLIAM L. DOUGLAS, former Governor of Massachusetts? The question is not asked in a spirit of jest. Somebody is going to be chosen at Baltimore to carry the Democratic standard, but who that somebody is, not even the party leaders have the slightest notion. It is still anybody's fight, and that being the case, PUCK throws Governor DOUGLAS's hat into the Democratic ring. He is privileged to take it out again if he sees fit, but it ought to be there. Governor DOUGLAS has had wide experience in business, in politics, and in public service. He is a "successful business man" in the best sense of the term, and he is a man in whom business men, irrespective of party affiliations, would have confidence. He has held several civic offices, including Mayor of Brockton, Representative to the Massachusetts Legislature two terms, and State Senator one term, and in 1904, the year ROOSEVELT beat PARKER so impressively for the Presidency, he was elected Governor of Massachusetts on the Democratic ticket by 35,995 plurality. His record was as good as his running, and it is incredible that the eight years intervening since his governorship should dim his political personality or belittle his availability. The Democratic issue this year is the tariff, and Governor DOUGLAS was and is an unflinching tariff reformer. He is heartily

in favor of such modifications of the existing tariff as will help the consumer, and it is the consumer's battle that the Democratic Party must fight if it expects to win. It would be better, however, to entrust the brunt of that fight to a practical man, with strong, aggressive convictions, rather than to a theorist or a politician. The Democratic candidate this year must inspire public confidence. It would be easy enough to get as a candidate a man in whom the Standpat element, the reactionaries, would have confidence, but such Democrats are fake Democrats, and no different from Wall Street Republicans. And it would be easy enough to get as a candidate a man over whom the extreme radical wing of the party would enthuse; but while the radicals make a lot of whole-souled noise during a campaign, on election day it is well for the party to have in nomination a candidate for whom the business man of Democratic persuasion, who wants to have the courage of

his convictions, is not afraid to vote. Governor DOUGLAS, we believe, would be such a candidate. Certainly, no man who has been mentioned thus far by the Democrats would appeal with more strength to that sober second thought which is the American voter's saving grace at the Presidential polls.

ONE of the dangers of the present political situation is that the voters will grow tired of politics before the Presidential campaign actually begins. All the excitement of a political campaign, all the stumping, all the shouting, have this year been provided *ad nauseam* in connection with the direct primaries. In Illinois, in Massachusetts, in Maryland, and in Ohio, in State after State, the whole political show was produced from curtain to curtain, and nothing remains for the summer and fall but repetition and "old stuff." Every fight for primary preferment is a Presidential campaign in miniature. Can old General Apathy stand the strain?

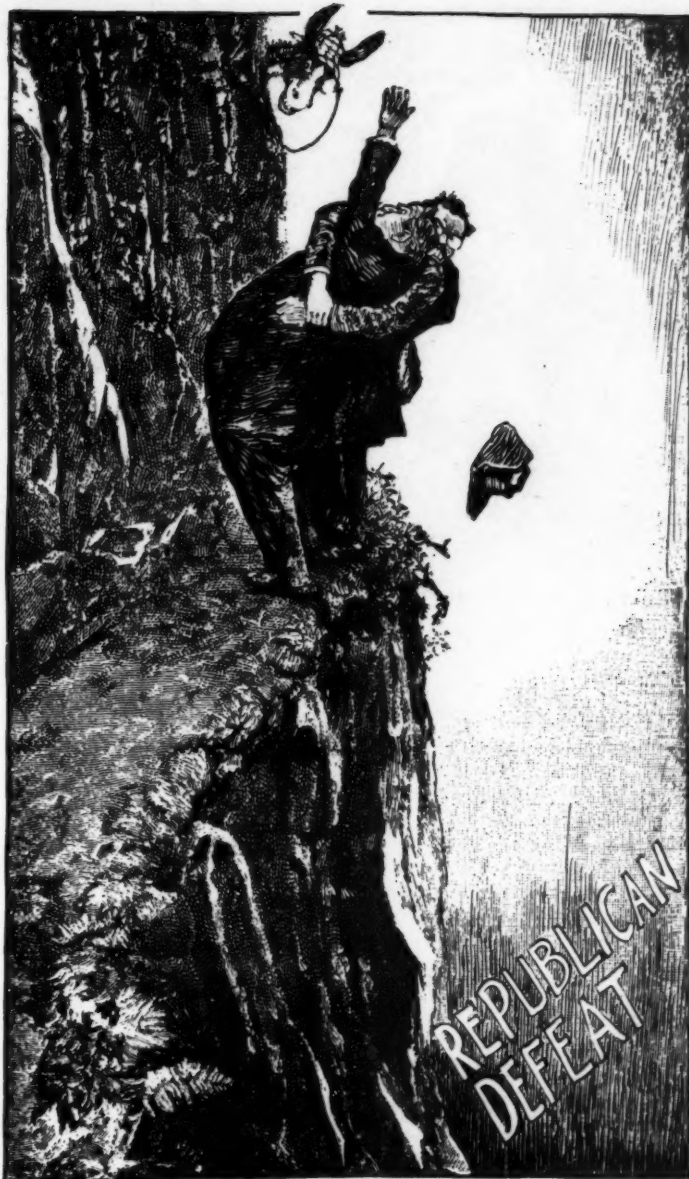
It is a good deal to ask of him, to keep his interest up to top-notch pitch from now until the fifth of November.

THE ROOSEVELT boomers discovered something shameful in President TAFT's manipulation of the patronage steam-roller. It savored of low political methods. Four years ago, however, when ROOSEVELT was President, he used the steam-roller for TAFT and with striking results. Surely, what THEODORE might do for him with perfect propriety, WILLIAM had a right to do for himself.



DOUGLAS AND TARIFF REFORM.

(Reprinted from PUCK, December 14, 1904.)



THE DEATH OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

SHERLOCK HOLMES.....Theodore Roosevelt.
PROFESSOR MORIARTY.....William H. Taft.
DR. WATSON.....The Democratic Donkey.

ALONE WITH THE BABY.



It was the first time Mrs. Youngwife had been able to bring herself up to enough confidence in Youngwife to leave the baby in his charge while she went out to a concert. The fact that Youngwife had declared that he could "take care of the kid all right" did not give her unwavering confidence in his ability to do so, and she said, while giving the finishing touches to her toilette:

"Remember, dear, that if he should awaken you must n't take him up at once, but step softly to his crib and try to soothe him to sleep. Don't rock the crib only the least little bit, for the best authorities say that a child should not be rocked. Don't give him his bottle unless it is really necessary, and remember what I told you about heating it to just the right temperature. I have left the alcohol lamp and the thermometer and everything all ready. And if you have to take him up, warm his little blanket before you put it around him. It might chill him to put it on him cold, even if it is of wool. And don't jump him up and down trying to get him quiet if he cries after you take him up, and don't take him into another room where the temperature may be lower than it is in this room, nor—I don't care if your mother *did* rear seven healthy children without a thermometer of any kind in the house.

Babies are reared scientifically in these days, and—if he should get to breathing heavily you must telephone for mother and she will call at the hall for me. You know that croup always begins with heavy breathing, and sister Helen's children have both had croup this winter. When I think of it I have a good mind not to go to the concert at all, but it is so long since—oh, it is all well enough for you to pooh-pooh at the idea of the baby not being safe with you, but no one can take a mother's place when a child is ill; and I have known you to drop off asleep in your chair and sleep so soundly that a pair of twins screaming at the top of their lungs would n't arouse you. But you have promised me faithfully that you will not do that this evening. If I thought you would, I simply—had n't you better make yourself some coffee that will keep you awake?"

Youngwife snickered, and took refuge in the masculine "Nonsense!" "That's what men always say when they know that their wives are right and they can't dispute it. If you want me to, I will run down and make some coffee before I go. And if any one comes you tell them that you are alone with the baby and they'd better come some other time. If three or four of your chums should come in here and you got to playing poker you would forget that you ever had a baby of your own, and he might roll out of the bed and cripple himself for life. And if you should happen to want to go into the room where he is asleep you'd better take off your shoes or slip in on your hands and knees, for you know how he awakens at the least little noise, and it takes him so long to go to sleep again once he is fully awake. If he should begin to breathe as if he were all choked up, run in as quick as you can and get Mrs. Naylor. She said she would be at home all evening and would run in at any minute if you needed her. She would know just what to do, for she has had five of her own. She was so good and helpful the day I thought he was going to have a spasm and he did n't have it. When I think of that awful day I feel as if I'd better not go to the concert after all. Remember that if there is the remotest suggestion of his having a spasm you are to run for Mrs. Naylor and then 'phone for mother and me—remember now!"

Perhaps he remembered, but it is certain that he did not forget, three minutes after his wife had left the house, to "call up" a crony, and say: "Hi, there! That you, Buddy? Say, can't you get hold of a couple of the boys and come around here and let's see what we can do with a game of poker? Wife's out until 10.30, at least, and the kid is sleeping like the dead. He won't stir, and if he does you can sing and trot him to sleep. Hike around here as soon as you can! Savvy? All right! I'll look for you!" M. M.

THE STANDARD.

MRS. WILLIS.—I am so ashamed! Our house was hardly cleaned at all this year.

MRS. GILLIS.—That so?

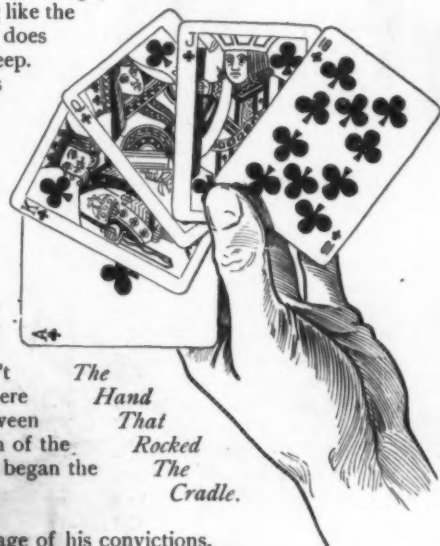
MRS. WILLIS.—Yes. I don't know how it happened, but there were at least five days left between the time I finished the last room of the Spring cleaning and the time I began the first room of the Fall cleaning.



AN ALIBI.

MRS. RILEY.—Is that classical music your daughter be playing on th' pianney, Mrs. Grogan?

MRS. GROGAN.—No. Three keys don't sound, and four stick!



The Hand That Rocked The Cradle.

A MAN should have the courage of his convictions, even when they conflict with his past opinions.

A good many men get their opinions ready made, and wear them much as they would clothes of the same brand.

SAVAGERY VS. CIVILIZATION.



It was a scene that would bankrupt the powers of graphic description of the most gifted space-writer and throw them into the hands of a receiver; a picture that would swamp the breast of an inspired artist beneath a cloud of despair should he attempt to depict its transcendent beauties upon the canvas. Even the delicate work of the kodak in the hands of the snapshotting tourist would fail to reveal its exquisite coloring.

A beautiful crystal lake far up toward the summit of the Greenhorn Range in Colorado, its surface as smooth and clear as the surface of the boudoir pier-glass used by *miladi* to see if she has her party make-up on straight. It lay there at the time of which I write—and is, no doubt, yet lying there—in transparent loveliness, walled in by towering mountains, their rugged sides bewhiskered with bottle-green pines and vari-colored vines and shrubbery, and their lofty summits turbaned with eternal snow, placed there by the hand of a thoughtful Providence to delight the eyes of tenderfeet tourists who annually flee from the sheolic sultriness of the overcrowded East and the sun-blistered Southland to wallow in the tempered sunshine and cooling zephyrs of the incomparable mountain land. Great boulders were scattered here and there near the shores of the sylvan lake as warts upon the rugged face of Nature. Upon the crystalline bosom of the watery mirror wild-fowl glided hither and thither, anon upending themselves with their heads submerged beneath the limpid waters, and wigwagging wireless messages to the fleecy clouds with their stunted tails.

Upon a boulder near the shore of the lake a beautiful Indian maiden sat complacently chewing Squigley's peptonic gum, and with nimble fingers working an ecru dog upon a Sunday breechcloth for her father, the reigning chief of the Ki-Yi tribe. She was clad in a princess gown of light material that fitted her faultless form above the waistline as the bark of the wild aspen-tree, in the shade of which she was sitting, fitted the trunk which it protected, and her shapely feet were encased in French-heel boots above the laced tops of which a flash of hosiery of hectic flush was revealed whenever her fleecy skirts were toyed with by a passing breeze.

From out of the chaparral a few yards distant a young warrior appeared and stood before her as a statue of Apollo done in bronze. He was clad only in a breech-cloth, a string of varicolored beads, and a pair of moccasins, having left his leggings at the agency tailors to be dry-cleaned and pressed. Folding his arms across his chocolate-colored breast, he said:

"I have trailed you from your father's teepee, Star-Eyes, by the holes your paleface shoes stabbed in the face of the yielding earth. Before you were taken from your people and compelled to do a term at Carlisle School, you thought Flying-Hawk was just about right, and you smiled upon him as the sunshine smiles upon the summits of these mountains when the storm-clouds are filling engagements elsewhere, and his red heart was thrilled with joy. You led him to hope that he might some day swap a bunch of pinto ponies to your proud father for your hand and lead you to his teepee in pride. But since your return from the land of the paleface you shun me as the timid jackrabbit shuns the gray wolf in the mountain pass. I love you, Star-Eyes, as the wild-flowers love the kisses of the sunshine, as the sun-parched earth loves the gentle showers, as the—the—the



PROGRESS IN CHINA.

"China Republic makee Chinaman cut off queue; China lady now wearee it!"

hungry warrior loves the succulent poodle stew when he returns to the village after the chase. Is there no hope for me? Will you not shuck off the dress of the paleface maiden, don the squawcloth of your people, and let me see your father and put in a bid for you?"

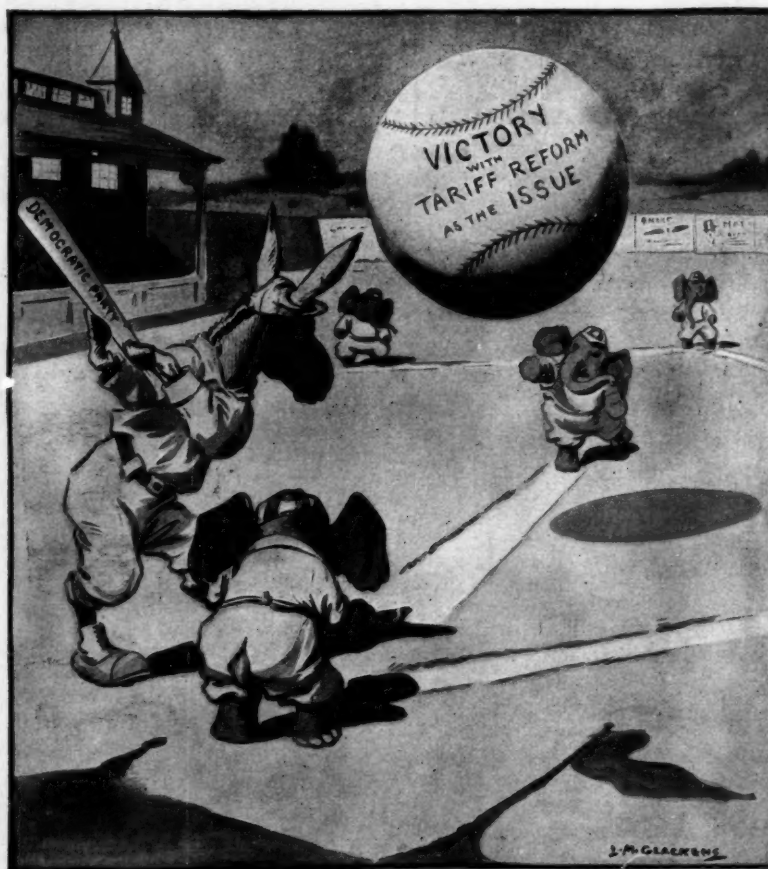
"Flying-Hawk, what do you take me for? Do you for a moment imagine that a girlie about my shape and heft, who has been snatched from a life of savagery and made over into a perfect lady, would ever back up into the old life and hitch onto a buck who has been taught to look upon squaws only as pack-animals and non-union cooks? Not on your scalp-lock, young fellow! It's me for a more refined existence, and don't you allow that fact to escape from your memory. If you should approach my Pa with a proposition for my purchase he would very quickly acquaint you with the fact that I have been withdrawn from the

market, and would, no doubt, accompany the information with a swift kick in your breech-cloth. When the next moon reaches fullness I shall pack my suit-case and float down to Denver, where I am to marry a perfect gentleman with a bushel of bucks in the bank and a six-passenger chug-wagon that can throw dust and gaseous odor back into the goggles of the chauffeur of anything that burns streaks in the boulevard. Put that in your calumet and try a few whiffs at it. Go and swap horses for a squawlet yet in the rough, for you stand no more chance of catching me than would a wax dog chasing an asbestos cat through hades. Kindly ooze out of my presence, for you really weary me. Git!"

"Then take that, and that, and that!" he cried, slapping her viciously on the exposed wrist; and turning from her he faded away in the distance.

Regaining her equanimity and resuming her embroidery the beautiful girl smiled, and remarked to herself:

"Won't Freddie grin when I tell him that an untutored and unclad Injun buck tried to steal away the affections of his little chocolate caramel? Well, I guess yes!" Jas. Barton Adams.



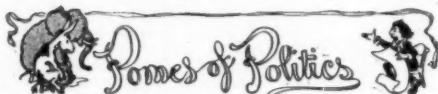
AS BIG AS A BALLOON.

"Hit it out, old man! You can't miss it!"



THE OFFSPRING.

Nobody is to blame but the parents.



DEMOCRATIC ACROSTIC.

My first is in **W**illow, but not in oak;
My second 's in **s**nicker, but not in joke,
My third is in **L**emon, but not in quince;
My fourth is in **a**pple, but not in mince;
My fifth is in **s**inger, but not in song;
My sixth is in **r**abble, but not in throng;
My seventh 's in **M**ichael, but not in Pat;
My eighth is in **J**abber, but not in spat;
My ninth is in **E**agle, but not in crow;
My tenth is in **m**oNey, but not in dough;
My eleven 's in **N**oddle, but not in pate;
While twelve is in **L**izzie, but not in Kate;
Thirteen is in **N**ickel, but not in dime;
Fourteen is in **n**auGhty, but not in crime;
Fifteen is in **s**issy, but not in kid;
Sixteen is in **B**onnet, but not in lid;
In **M**aRy, not Mamie, is found seventeen;
Eighteen is in **n**astY, but not in obscene;
Nineteen is in **w**Abble, but never in drop;
While twenty 's in **r**uNning, but never in stop.
The whole—if you only will puzzle it through—
Is the name of an eminent gentleman who

Has remarked on several public occasions
that that there were men in the Democratic
Party who could poll more votes for the Presi-
dency than he could, and that he himself
was positively not a candidate this year,

But we would n't lay wagers upon it, would you?

A. H. F.

QUITE CHEAP.

FIRST SMALL-TOWN MATRON.—You don't speak to her
in church nowadays?

SECOND SMALL-TOWN MATRON.—No, indeed! She was con-
verted in an evangelistic campaign which cost three dollars and forty-
five cents per convert, while I was saved in one that cost over five
hundred dollars a hundred.

AN INVITATION WORTH WHILE.

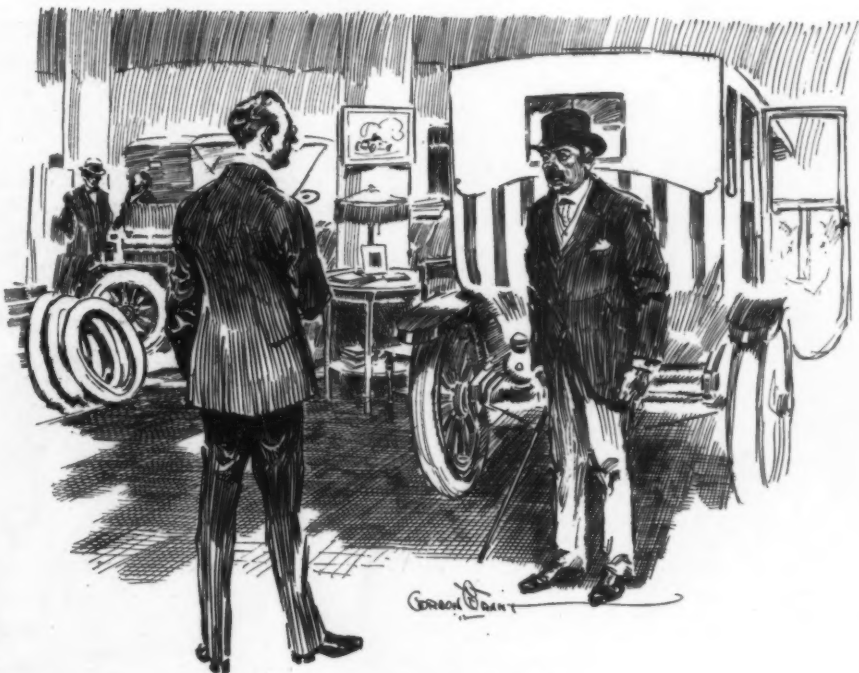
ONE day Mayor Gaynor of New York City received an invitation from
the Young Men's Democratic Club of Seattle, Wash., to speak be-
fore them on the subject, "What Would Jefferson Say?" This is
a friendly invitation, and a good subject, if we assume that Jefferson, in
these turbulent political times, could be absolutely
sure of what we would say. On the same
day Mr. Adamson, the Mayor's secretary,
received an invitation. It was to come
to South Kirkwood, Georgia, to help
"celebrate the one hundredth birthday
of two bottles of brandy" which have
been lying peacefully in the cellar
of Mr. George S. May of that
town since the days when Thomas
Jefferson was saying something a
good deal more effective and interest-
ing than any twentieth-century
apologist could say it.

Seattle is a good place, and
the Young Men's Democratic Club
is, unquestionably, a fine organiza-
tion; but from the place on the
map at which these words are being tapped off on the typewriter South
Kirkwood looks just a wee bit the better. If there is a more seductive in-
vitation than to be present at the one hundredth anniversary of those two
bottles of honest content, now is the time to make it known. Lucky was
Mr. George S. May to have such an unpickable lock as must have been
on that cellar; lucky were the friends who were bidden to draw up to the
mahogany; mellow must have been that half-finger which fell to each
fortunate. One hundred years will do much for a doctrine. It will
kill it, pickle it, or make it ripe and useful; but what one hundred years
will do for a bottle of brandy sealed in 1812 only a few connoisseurs may
know. Almost is it blasphemy in these days to speak of such antiquity.
Most of us must be content to be present at the third-week cork-drawing
of a dozen of light beer.



ON ITS FEET AGAIN.

PHYSICIAN (after the examination).—Your ailment is of long standing.
PATIENT (cheerfully).—Thin it's convalescin', begobs! Th' lasht
docthor I wint to towld me thot same ailment wor deep seated!



UNCALLED FOR.

MURPHY.—Oi want to get a fust-class autymobile for me wolfe.
AUTO DEALER.—Long body?
MURPHY.—None of yure business! She's built like a barrel, but oi
did n't come here to discuss her shape wid ye.

Common sense is not in the same class with genius, but it often gets more
solid comfort out of life.



What's What in Washington.



A FEW GRAINS OF WHEAT FROM THE CHAFF OF GOSSIP.

MARTIN LITTLETON, of Port Washington, L. I., Representative of the first New York district, is back from a trip to Cuba. His return to Washington at this time would n't be significant except that he brought a moustache back with him. Although the lip adornment really is n't much more than a misplaced eyebrow in appearance, it is a moustache nevertheless.

"There are two reasons why I brought this make-up back to the States with me," explained Mr. Littleton. "In the first place, my smooth, round face made me look like a real-for-sure priest, and more than once I had to explain to newly-made acquaintances that I was a Congressman and not a preacher. That fact put the notion in my head to grow a moustache. Then, too, I found it was the only thing I could bring back from Cuba that was n't dutiable. And even now I am not so sure but that it might come under one of the classes of Schedule K."

It's mighty seldom that the minority leader, James Mann, of Chicago, leaves his desk when the House is in session. He is one of the few members who does not spare the time to eat luncheon in one of the restaurants in the Capitol. Representative Mann keeps on hand at all times a supply of milk choco-

late and malted-milk tablets, and when he feels the pangs of hunger overtaking him he raises the lid of his desk, breaks off a hunk of concentrated nourishment, and munches it.

"During a recent filibuster, when the House was in session from twelve to fifteen hours at a stretch, I saw Jim stick it out right at his desk," explained an admiring colleague. "Once in a while he would get up and wander out toward the cloak-room on the Republican side, but he never got out of ear-shot during all that time. When he needed food he would dig into his desk and grab a piece of pemmican or something and go right to it. When it comes to being a sticker on the job, take it from me, Jim Mann is IT."

THE other day the telephone in the office of the Congressman representing the Tenth District of Michigan rang loud and long. The Representative, in the absence of his secretary and stenographer, picked up the receiver. "I want to talk to the Congressman from Au Sable, Mich.," said the voice at the other end of the wire. "Well, go ahead, you are," answered the Congressman. The person who called up was evidently a stranger in

Washington and could not hear very well, for he said a second time that he was anxious to talk to the Congressman from the Au Sable district. "I am Loud. What do you want?" "I know you are—you are too damned loud; if you talk in a lower tone maybe I can get you," answered the caller-up.

Then the Congressman went on to explain good-naturedly that his name was Loud—George Alvin Loud—and that he was the person whom the irritable inquirer evidently wished to talk to. The man at the other end was profuse in offering apologies. "It's all right, old man," Representative Loud assured him. "Come on up and see me. I'll wait for you, and just to show you there are no hard feelings, I'll fix you up with some garden and vegetable seeds."

JONATHAN BOURNE, JR., Senator from Portland, Ore., is the champion apple-eater of the Sixty-second Congress. It is no trick at all for him to devour eight apples "hand-running," as his colleague Senator Chamberlain testifies. Nor do ordinary apples appease the appetite of Mr. Bourne. He must have selected fruit, preferably from the Hood River district of the State he helps to represent in Congress.

PICTURE POSTALS.



If you go to France or China,
Salt Lake City, Carolina,
Budapest or Oklahoma,
Shanghai, Pekin, or Tacoma,
Ev'ryone that stays at home
Wants a postal, say from Rome.
Picture postals, these you send,
Very little time you spend.
Say you write from Scotland Yard,
On the message that you've penned
On the picture-postal card:

"I never felt better; no time
for a letter.
The weather is fine, and so is
the wine.
I wish you were here, but
traveling is dear."

Stuff like that, with your regards,
Goes on picture postal-cards.

William Jones stole sums of money.
Banks got wise. They thought it funny.
Books examined. Jones suspected.
Doping of his books detected.
Jonesy sought another home.
Bought a ticket straight for Rome.
Friends, of course, had gone his bail.
Now they wish he'd stayed in jail.
Jones is witty. With regards
To his friends, with ev'ry mail
He sends picture-postal cards.

"I never felt better; no time for a letter.
The weather is fine, and so is the wine.
I wish you were here, but traveling is dear."
Stuff like that, with his regards,
Jonesy writes on postal-cards.

Women, sometimes rather daring,
Catch a man as they would herring.
Young Miss Willy married Willy.
Married life proved rather chilly.

Then there came into her life
"Handsome" Frank who had no wife.
"Flee with me," she heard him say,
And they fled that very day.
She sends pretty postal-cards
To her husband far away.
"Handsome" Frank adds his regards.

"I never felt better; no time for a letter.
The weather is fine, and so is the wine.
I wish you were here, but traveling
is dear."

Stuff like that, with her regards,
Goes on Willy's postal-cards.

Theo. Stempfel, Jr.



"CO', BOSS!" OR, THE RIVAL MILKMAIDS.

Blanche Ring Enjoying Herself

In "The Wall Street Girl."



BLANCHE RING always gives you the impression that she is having the time of her life. She can put more vim into a mediocre musical show than a dozen composers and librettists. It does n't matter if the songs allotted to her are n't quite up to the mark; she can put them over in a way that makes you want to hear them again every time. What would happen to "The Wall Street Girl" if Miss Ring suddenly dropped out of the cast would be rather uncertain. It's a good enough show of its kind, and some of the lines are unusually bright, but there's a little too much "same old thing" to get by successfully without Blanche Ring.

Of the songs, "I Should Have Been Born a Boy" and "Deedle-Dum-Dee," both sung by Miss Ring, are the best, though they are 'way behind some of her old songs. Harry

Gilfoil is unusually funny as the elder Greene, while Lois Josephine and Wellington Cross make a good pair of juveniles. Outside of Blanche Ring the biggest hit of the show is scored by Will Rogers in his lariat-throwing act from vaudeville. He alone is worth the price of admission. W. P. Carleton does well as a conventional comic-opera hero. The show is mounted unusually well. The lighting in the last act is quite good. Whenever you see a suit-case on the stage nowadays you can be sure it's going to light up before the end of the act. This original bit of business is not overlooked in "The Wall Street Girl." At the end of Act I, the chorus comes in with suit-cases which light up and turn into a train of cars. "The Wall Street Girl" is a typical Blanche Ring show. You had better see it if you are an admirer of Miss Ring. I am.

W. E. Hill.



THE POLITICAL CALLING.

AS DAMON loved his Pythias,
In ancient Grecian days,
So Will once loved his Theodore,
And loudly sang his praise.
And Theodore, responding,
Sweet William's charms would trill,—
And William called him Theodore,
And Teddy called him Will.

Will said that Theodore was wise,
High-minded, true, and bold,
And Theodore, with fond delight,
Will's virtues then extolled.
Thus, arm in arm, they both declared
The other filled the bill,—
And William called him Theodore,
While Teddy called him Will.

No discord marred their perfect trust,
No cloud obscured their sky,
They vowed that Time would never loose
The bonds of friendship's tie.
"My Will's a wonder," Teddy swore,
And "Ted's a brick," said Bill;—
But that was when 't was "Theodore,"
And, likewise, when 't was "Will."

But now! Ah, now! The sullen air
Receives these sounds no more,
No longer do the echoes wake
To names they bore of yore.
'T is "Caitiff," "Ingrate," "Villain," "Fool,"
"False friend," and "Poisoned quill,"
As William calls his Theodore
And Teddy calls his Will.

Stanley Quinn.

NON-ANGELIC VOICES.

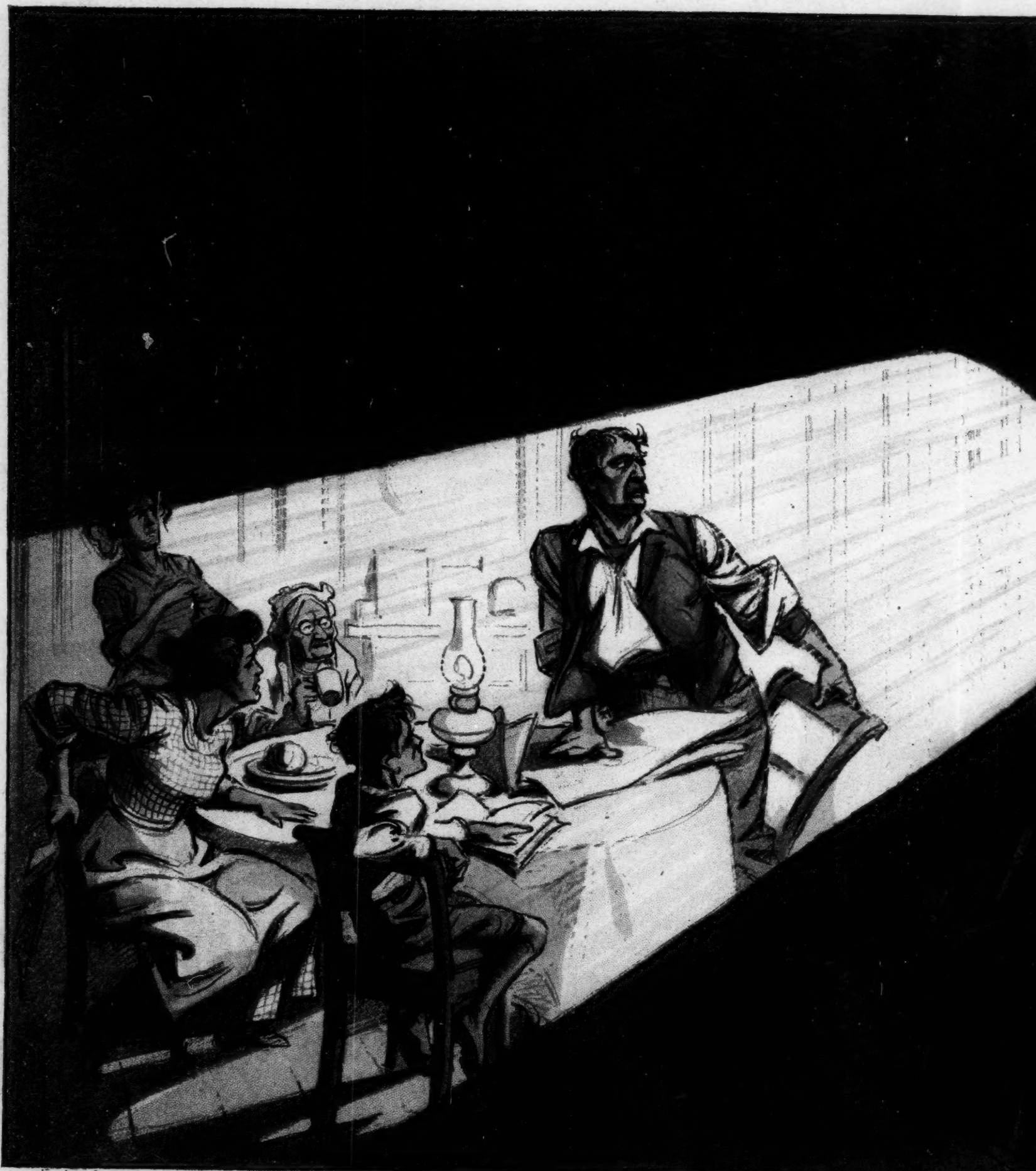
THE Rev. Reuben Kidner, rector of the Trinity Episcopal Church of Boston, thinks that the quality of preaching would be improved if boy choirs were banished from the chancels. "Many of us," he says, "find it difficult to preach at all; but when surrounded by fidgety boys, and sometimes whispering boys, it is a formidable task."

The rector would probably admit that there is something to be said for the boys, too. The same reason, in sooth, why the clergy find it difficult to preach at all may well be the reason why the boys in the choir grow fidgety. If there is any task more formidable than preaching the average sermon in the average church, it is the task of staying awake while that sermon is being preached. When grown-ups fail in that obligation it is little wonder that choir boys wriggle, whisper about the batting average, and show a disposition toward frolic.

This is n't saying, though, that the Rev. Mr. Kidner's suggestion is not a good one. The introduction of the boy choir goes back to a date when the Church's morals were not worth syndicating. Those young voices, beautiful as they may seem to those persons who, for instance, prefer the tenor voice to that of a man, and who get strange pleasure from hearing a male person with two days' growth of beard sing in falsetto—those voices are neuter, and are best employed in instructing Jimmy Casey to slide to third base. Tone they have; feeling they have not; and a voice without gender in church is a voice lacking understanding.

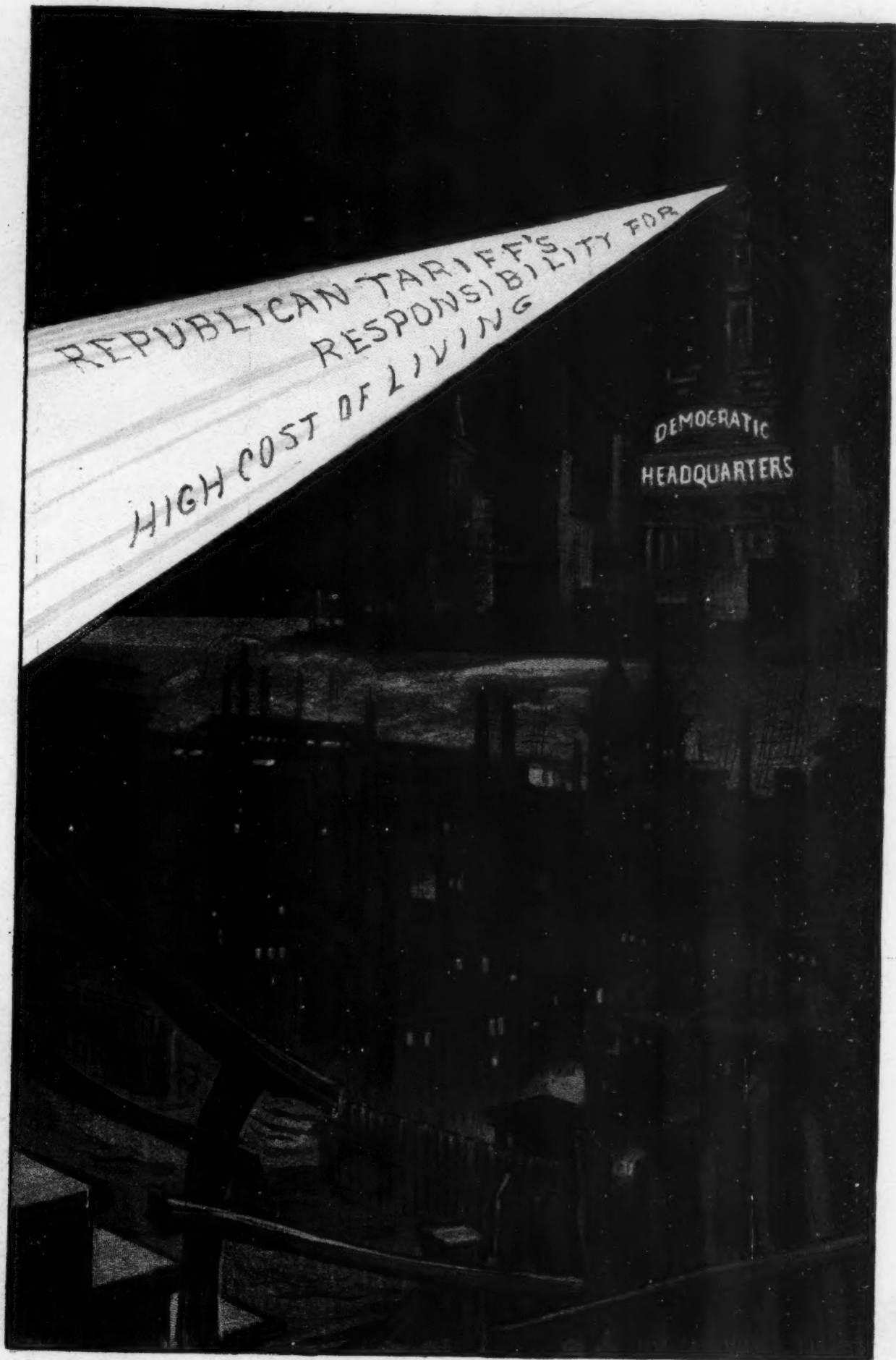
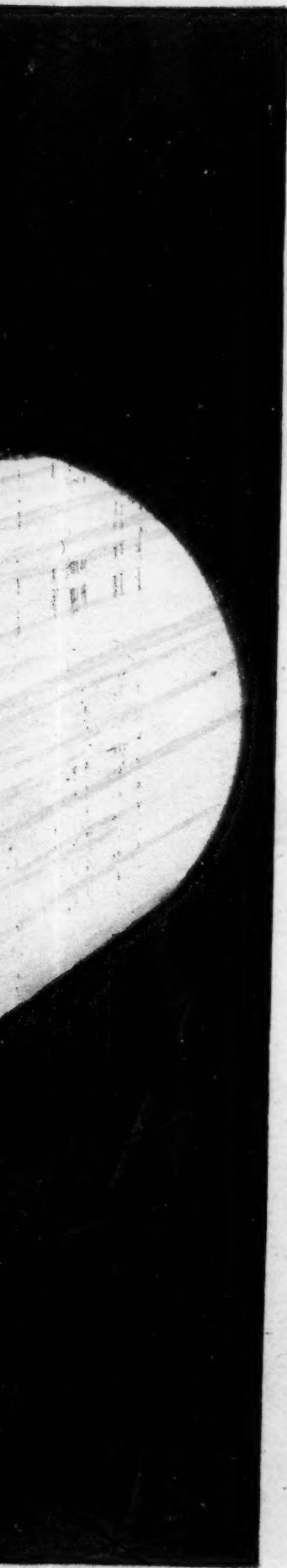


Whenver you begin to suspect a fault in yourself you may feel assured that it is obvious to the rest of the world.



THE PUCK PRESS

NOTHING CAN KEEP I
THE TARIFF ISSUE ENTERS EVERY



AN. KEEP IT OUT.
TERS EVERY AMERICAN HOME.



WHO is this "prominent banker," anyway, who is always breaking into print? The price of some stock runs up five or ten points and at once the "prominent banker" comes out with the statement that there is a great future for the property. Somebody down in Guatemala slides his revolution in ahead of the man's whose regular turn it is, and at once the "prominent banker" is credited with a statement as to just what effect it will have on Allis-for-Short or American Can. He knows about everything, and he is willing to talk about anything.

Who is he, anyway? Well, here's violating the confidences of the craft. Here's who he is: The reporter who has been sent out to cover the advance on Consolidated Onion comes in without having turned up a thing. He writes his story and tries to slide it through, but it's no go. "Who the devil wants to know *your* opinion or the opinion of this paper?" he is kindly asked. "If you can't mention any names, can't you at least say that it comes from a 'prominent banker who is in close touch with the property'?" So that's the way the story is made to read. Same thing with Guatemala and pretty much anything else.

A SCHOOL-TEACHER was trying to impress upon her class the value of perseverance. The old yarn about Robert the Bruce and the spider that tried again and again and finally succeeded was being used to illustrate. The teacher had just come to the point where the spider gets away with it, when, looking out through the window beyond the school-yard, she noticed a chicken make at least ten attempts to walk through the same spot in a close-woven wire fence. It struck her like a flash that perseverance isn't everything—that you've got to be on the right track.

What a lot of money the realization of that fact would save to the people who think they will be able to beat the stock-market if they only keep at it long enough!

EXTRACT from a letter that was never written: "We are very glad indeed that you have been able to get this bill put through. To show our appreciation, we have instructed our good friends Messrs. Ketcham & Skinnam to buy and carry a thousand shares of stock for your account. We hardly need say that we believe the stock will show a handsome profit by the time the news is made public. Should, however, the market go contrary to our expectation, you need never consider that the stock has been bought."

"About the proposed legislation with regard to—"

"IT SEEMS hard to believe," remarked the old stager, "but the most trying thing in the world is to see profits accumulate—and that's just one of the principal reasons why people lose their money. Your average man does n't like to see his stock go down, but when it does go down he stands by and lets his losses accumulate. Does he let his profits accumulate when the stock goes up? Not much. The first rise of a couple of points sets him itching to sell. It's real money, and there is an almost overwhelming temptation to 'cinch' the profit while it's there."

"I've heard any number of habitual ticker-watchers say that it takes it out of them faster to see their stock go up five points without 'taking their profit' than to see it go down ten."

IN an office on upper Wall Street, where they make a specialty of the "Coppers," a cousin of the head of the firm, after several bad "breaks," found his balance reduced to a very low figure. The Wall Street man felt badly about it and offered to take the account in hand himself, the relation naturally agreeing. The first transaction was the short sale of a lot of Reading. Before three o'clock that day the stock had jumped up six points and the account was wiped out.

It reminds one of what happened on an East River ferryboat the other day when a passenger fell overboard. The man was strong and well able to swim—that is, he was well able to swim until a well-meaning but excited deckhand threw a twenty-pound life-belt down on the top of his head.

Franklin.

HOW HE GOT THE LUMPS.

JUDGE.—What's this specimen arraigned for, Mr. Officer?

OFFICER.—He approached me on the street and became abusive because I would n't give him money for something to eat.

JUDGE.—Well, but what about those lumps on his head?

OFFICER.—He would n't come along till I gave him a club sandwich.



THE SPIRIT OF '12.

SUPERINTENDENT OF EDUCATION.—Good afternoon, my young friends! And what can I do for you?

LEADER (of primary-grade deputation).—Please, sir, we've had a referendum and we've voted unannusly for the recall of our new teacher!

HIS INTENT.

"AH!" said the friend. "You expect to drain this swamp and sell the land to the public?"

"No," confessed the promoter. "I expect to sell the swamp as it now is, and drain the public."

UP TO DATE.

CUSTOMER.—What? Butter up to \$1.75 a pound? I can't pay that price.

GROCER.—That's all right. We can sell you Butterine, a substitute for butter, at \$1.70; Oleomargarine, a substitute for butterine, at \$1.65; Cheeserine, a substitute for oleomargarine, at \$1.50; Churnine, a substitute for cheeserine, at \$1.55; or Dairyine, a substitute for churnine, at \$1.50.

WHY THEY GO.

FIRST AMERICAN TRAVELER.—Been to Europe this year?

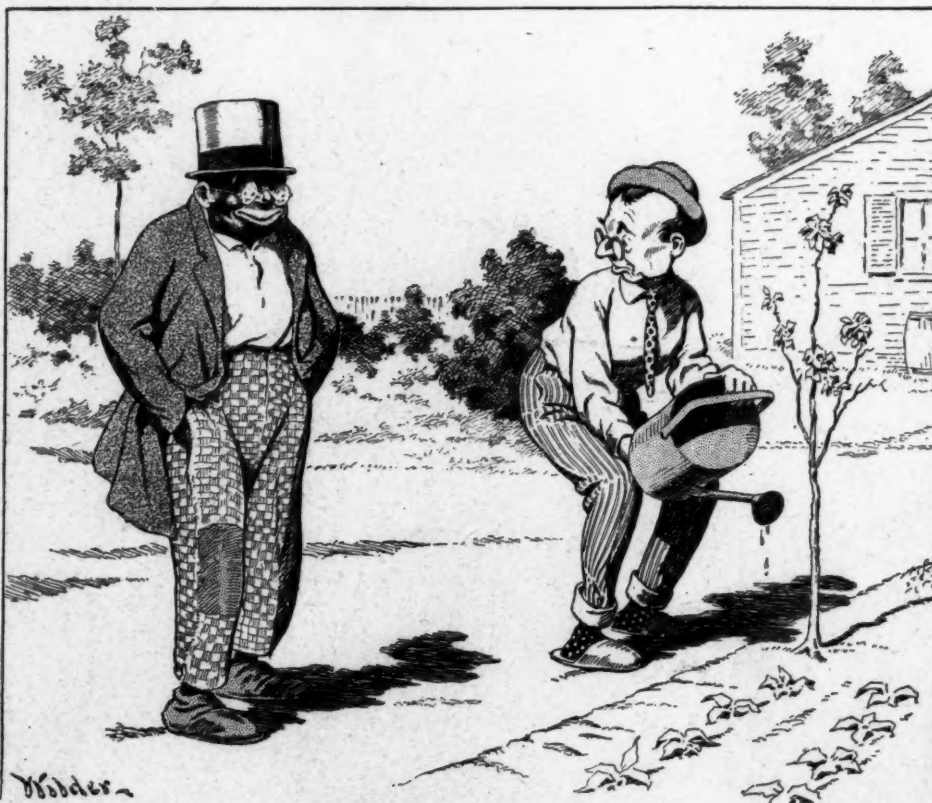
SECOND DITTO.—Yep.

"Any new restaurants?"

"SUPPOSE the world were a loaf of bread, and you owned it?"

"I should devote the inside to charity, and live on the crust."

THE poet who sang tearfully of the sadness and pathos of the empty chair could never have been in the habit of getting shaved every Sunday morning between nine and ten o'clock.



BREAKING IT GENTLY.

"Mawnin', Boss!—mawnin', sah! Has yo' got a job widout a nigger 'tached to it anywhuhs 'round yuh dis mawnin'? Uh-kase if yo' has, sah, Ah's de nigger, if yo' please!"

If you wish to be considered original, say bright things to people who have never before heard them.

WHO?



Who is it who always finds fault with the play
And says it's a pity, alas!
That the theatre, yes, sir! has seen its best day?
Why, the man who goes in on a pass.

Who is it who always picks flaws in the Church
And scoffs at its present estate?
"And where is the church-member free from a smirch?"
Why, the man who puts least in the plate.

Who is it who's ready to knife his own town
And talk of the much that it lacks?
"We need public spirit; no wonder we're down?"
Why, the fellow who dodges his tax.

Who is it who rails at the Government most,
And calls it "a deuce of a note"
That we have to be ruled by a dishonest host?
Why, the insect that won't even vote.

Walter G. Doty.



ENVY.

RAGGED TATTERS.—Gee! Wisht I wuz er flea on dat nifty mutt!

AN ACADEMIC SNORE.

THE Corporation of Harvard University took violent hold of Progress and gave it an awful backward shove when they decided to exclude from the hallowed limits of the Yard "all systematic and persistent propaganda on contentious subjects of contemporaneous political, social, or religious interest." Hereafter, live topics are barred at Harvard.

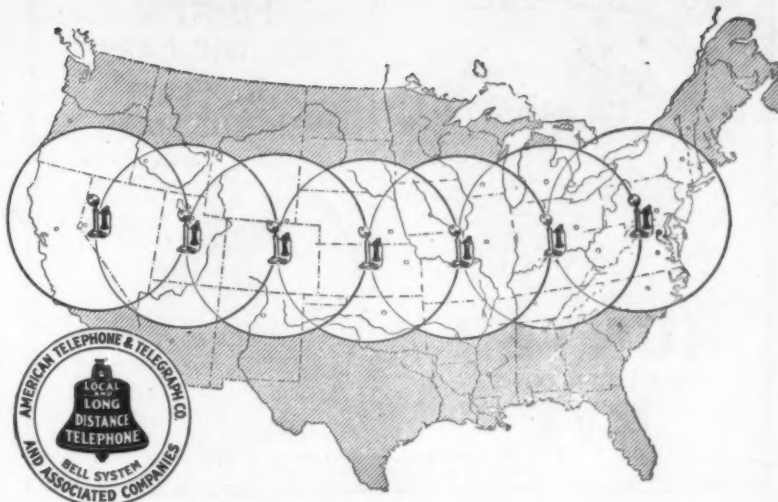
Of course, the underlying reason of the ponderous Corporation edict is apparent. The Corporation has gone up to Socialism and given it a hard slap right on the wrist. For several years it has been felt, in conservative circles at Cambridge, that "subjects of contemporaneous interest," especially those concerning political matters, have been discussed with far too little respect for the feelings of certain collectors of private property. And if you remember that these property-fanciers have sometimes dropped part of their haul on the Corporation's back steps, you get the connection without any difficulty.

Whether or no the University believes it to be undignified to maintain any connection with "movements" dated later than 1790, sure it is that the Corporation will have to be Argus-eyed to make its promise good; for it is in the nature of Youth to "start something," and it is not in the nature of the undergrad to become excited about the non-contentious subjects of uncontemporaneous interest which have in years past sent students to the dormitory to keep awake.

Freeman Tilden.

THE SILVER LINING.

CHAUFFEUR.—Don't kick! Suppose it had been a coal truck?



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There can be no limit to the extension of telephone lines until the whole country is covered. There can be no limit to the system of which each Bell telephone is the center, up to the greatest distance that talk can be carried.

Because these are the fundamental needs of a nation of telephone users, the Bell System must provide universal service.

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— YOU,
WALK!"

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OVER THE BARS
BEST
OVER THE BARS**



**HUNTER
BALTIMORE
RYE**

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

WISE PRECAUTION.

Rosa, the colored cook in a well-known family, is very much in love with her young husband, whom she calls "Mistah Watts" in the soft North Carolina accent. Recently the Watts family took a boarder, a stylish young mulatto school-teacher named Emily. Upon Emily becoming a member of the family Rosa thus addressed her:

"Miss Em'ly, you come heah a strangah. Yo' stay heah a strangah. Yo' come down in the mawnin', yo' say, 'Good mawnin', Mistah Watts.' He says 'Good mawnin', Miss Em'ly.' 'Dat's all theah is to it. Yo' undehstand?"

And Miss Emily and Mr. Watts both, evidently understood, for peace reigns in the Watts home.—*Harper's Magazine.*

AGED SUITOR.—It is true that I am considerably older than you, but a man is as young as he feels, you know, and—

MISS PERT.—Oh, that doesn't matter. What I want to know is if you are as rich as you look.—*Boston Transcript.*

IF YOU ARE A TRIFLE SENSITIVE

About the size of your shoes, many people can wear shoes one size smaller by shaking into them Allen's Foot-Ease, the anti-septic powder for the feet. It makes tight-fitting or New Shoes feel easy, and gives rest and comfort to hot, tired, swollen, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

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MAKES ANY CHAIR A HIGH CHAIR

Hooks on the back of an ordinary chair, is absolutely safe for baby cannot possibly tip over or wiggle out. Goes on or off in a second, folds so as to take up no room, goes in baby carriage, or suit case, weighs less than a pound.

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ANYWHERE
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or your money back.



Has a sanitary veneer seat easily cleaned, the guards and supports are of washable webbing with patent buckles adjustable for any size child, the metal hooks and back are padded and covered with felt so it cannot scratch or bruise furniture. Wherever there is a baby a Clark baby chair is needed.

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nickel-plated, waterproof **Match Box**

which we will send, together with a copy of this month's *National Sportsman*, on receipt of 25c. in stamps or coin.

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN,
78 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

BRUTAL THOMAS.

The worm-eaten chestnut of all proverbs is—well, you know what it is—"Unlucky at cards, lucky in love." If your bridge partner is a bit flirty she always goo-goes at you and springs it. Then she leads you away to a secluded spot. You know. Tommy Treatinger was the only one we ever knew to beat this game, and that was an accident. Here was the way of it: "Are you very lucky at cards?" asked the woman.

"Very," said Tommy, "I always win."

"How about love?" she continued, looking arch and kittenish.

"Lucky again," plunged Tommy. "I always lose."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A MIXED SENTENCE.

"Something wrong with this item."

"How now?"

"Says the bridegroom took his place beneath the floral bell and 2,000 volts were immediately shot through his quivering frame."—*Washington Herald.*

CHALLENGE

COLLARS & CUFFS

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Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

PROBLEMS OF A TEN-YEAR-OLD.

A young lady of ten was discussing her future with her mother.

"Yes, mommie," she said, "I shall get married and I shall have four children."

"That will be nice!" commented the mother.

"No!" continued the young lady, after a minute or two of deep thought. "Maybe I won't have four children. I might marry a bachelor!"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

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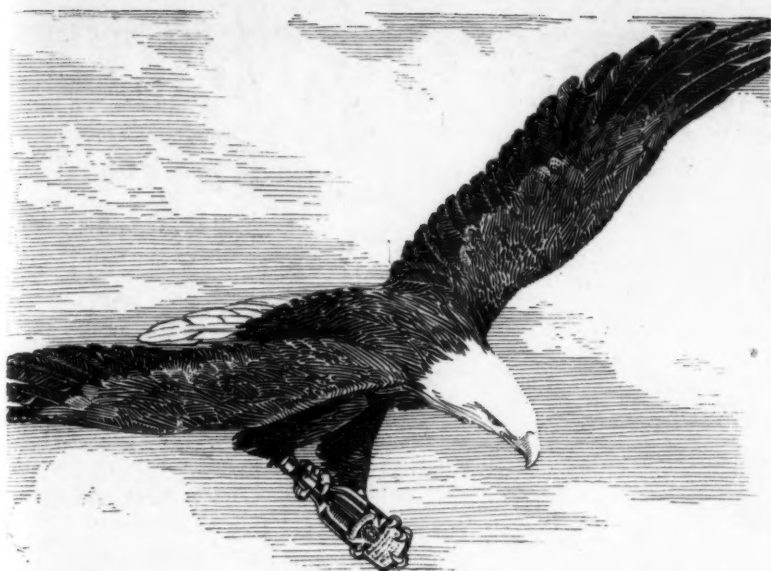
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on Land and Sea, on all Buffet and Dining
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Bottled with crowns or corks only at the
Home Plant in St. Louis

Anheuser-Busch Brewery
St. Louis, Mo.

COMPROMISE.



HIS REVERENCE.—Sure, 'tis you that are looking well since you first came here, Mr. Daley.
DALEY.—Sunburn, Father, and a hectic flush.
HIS REVERENCE.—Well an' fine, Mr. Daley! The Church will not be hard upon ye about attending to your duties. But you are looking well enough to buy two bazaar tickets.
—Sydney Bulletin.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

At Hull House in Chicago they have evenings devoted to the drama. Original plays and folk dances are put on by the boys and girls, mostly of foreign parentage, who belong to the Settlement. Recently these young people wrote and staged a little three-act play dealing with the birth of the National Flag. It was an elaborate production. This is how it went:

FIRST ACT.

Two Revolutionary soldiers meet.
Said the first: "Ain't it fierce, we haven't got no flag for this Revolution?"
Said the other: "Yes; ain't it fierce!"
And they went their ways.

SECOND ACT.

Two Revolutionary generals met.
Said the first: "Ain't it fierce, we haven't got no flag for this Revolution?"
Replied the second: "Yes; ain't it fierce!"
And they parted.

THIRD ACT.

General Washington was conversing with Betsy Ross. He said: "Ain't it fierce, we haven't a flag for this Revolution?"
Betsy answered: "Yes; ain't it fierce!"
Here, George, hold the baby a minute and I'll make a flag."—*La Follette's Weekly*.

CLINTON.—Did you get in without your wife hearing you last night?

CLUBLEIGH.—No, and I did n't get in without my hearing her, either. —*Boston Transcript*.



YACHT CLUB French Sardines

MOST EASILY DIGESTED BITE

Packed in the best internal lubricant

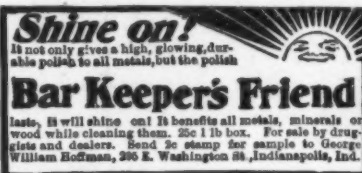
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The Landing of the Pilgrims

was a
notable event.



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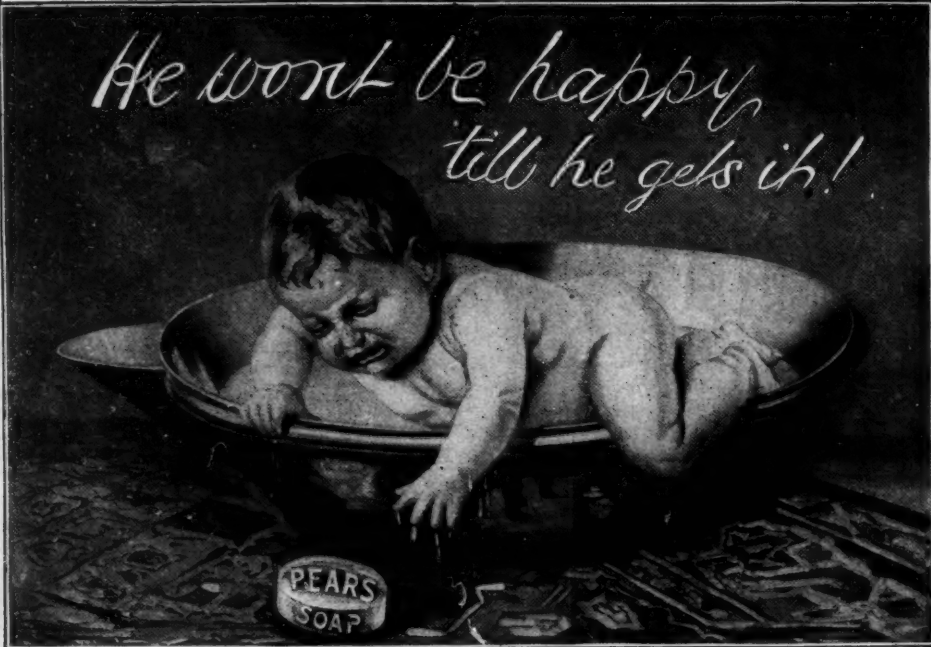
Enclosed find ten cents for which send me a liberal package of sample copies of PUCK.

Name

Address

Who will be the next President ?

*He won't be happy
till he gets it!*



"All rights secured"

A QUESTION OF GRAMMAR.

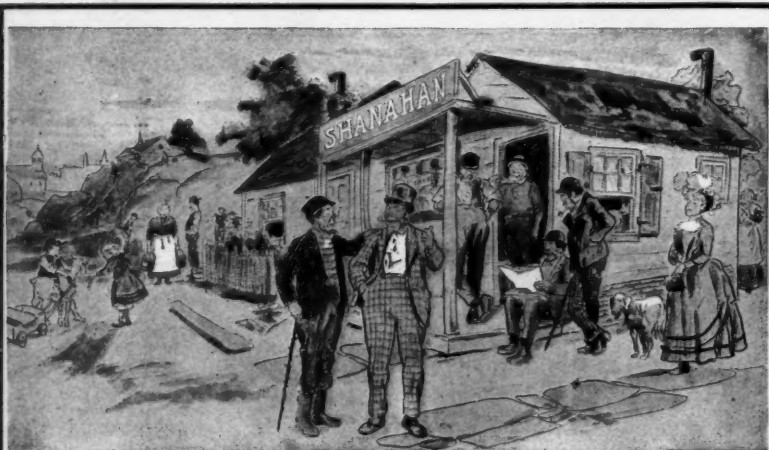
The ready wit of the late Eugene V. Ware, author of the "Washer-woman's Song" and other poems, is shown in the following story:

He was giving a dinner at his home in Kansas City, Kan., the place to which he had retired after he resigned from the office of Pension Commissioner at Washington under Roosevelt.

The guests were equally divided between Missourians from the twin city across the line and Kansans. All present had imbibed the spirit of their genial, humorous host.

Said a Missourian: "You Kansans always have your brass bands going and your flags flying. We from Missouri get tired of your cocksureness. Tell me, what have you decided about the hen, for instance, does she sit or does she set?"

"We don't bother about things like that," flashed Ware. "What concerns us, when she cackles, is has she laid or has she lied?"—*Lippincott's*.



Shanahan's Old Shebeen;

or,

"THE MORNIN'S MORNIN'."

By Gerald Brennan.

IN response to the many requests from our readers for copies of this famous poem, which appeared in PUCK several years ago, we have issued it as a *Booklet*, in large, readable type, with the original illustrations, at

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PARTICULARS WANTED.

"Yes, that's Dr. Bloggs."

"Allopath, homœopath, horse, or divinity?"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"AND I suppose," said Miss Gushington, "that while in London you were at Court?"

"Only once," admitted Mr. Lushington, blushing. "But I was n't guilty and I got off with a reprimand."—*Newport News*.

BACON.—I see a Frenchman is proposing a duel in aeroplanes.

EGBERT.—Never will do. Somebody might fall and get hurt. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

"So JONES has become an actor?"

"Has he?"

"You said so."

"No, I didn't. I said he had gone on the stage."—*Baltimore American*.

The Taste
"Lingers
Long"

The careful ageing of
Old Overholt Rye
"Same for 100 years"

provides that supreme bouquet—
that delicious smack so satisfying
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Aged in charred oak barrels—
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HIGH LIFE
THE CHAMPAGNE
OF BOTTLED **BEER**
MILLER-MILWAUKEE

TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.



PARK POLICEMAN (watching a gentleman who is picking flowers).
—The fellow seems to understand how to put flowers together. When he has finished the bouquet I'll take his name, confiscate the flowers, and present them to my wife to-morrow. It's her birthday.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

What Murine Eye Remedy Does to the Eyes is to Refresh, Cleanse, Strengthen and Stimulate Healthful Circulation, Promoting Normal Conditions. Try Murine in your Eyes.

"Did your son learn much about anything in college?"
"Oh, yes," answered the magnate addressed. "He learned to operate an automobile so well that we have put him in charge of one of our big electric trucks."—*Courier-Journal*.

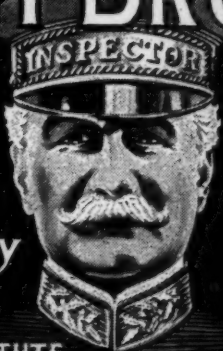
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THE
PURE FOOD
WHISKEY

Is Medicinally
PURE!

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

For Sale Everywhere



CHOATE NEARLY WON A CONVERT.

Joseph H. Choate was once associated in a law case in New York with a young Hebrew attorney who, when the case had been won, felt uncertain as to what fee he should charge for his services. He decided to ask the advice of the senior counsel, Mr. Choate.

"That's all right, my boy," said Choate, kindly; "I'll attend to it. I am about to send in my bill, and I will just double the amount and send you a check for your half."

In a few days the young Hebrew received a check, which was ten times as big as the amount he had thought would be due him. He immediately wrote to Mr. Choate and expressed his delight and gratitude, and in a postscript he added this:

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—*Popular Magazine.*

A NATURAL HESITANCY.



"Bridget, can you tell me of my wife's whereabouts?"
BRIDGET (evidently embarrassed).—I think they are in the wash, sorr!—*London Opinion.*

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

STOP!!

Ye Hurrying People, Stop!
Drop Your Glittering Quarters

DROP!

And get your

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LATEST CROP

(No. 84—Just Out)

Sixty-four pages choke-full of mirth.
Surely a generous quarter's worth
If you're satisfied short of the blooming earth.

On all News-stands.

WHAT HE GOT OUT OF IT.

He never took a day of rest,
He could n't afford it;
He never had his trousers pressed,
He could n't afford it;
He never went away, care free,
To visit distant lands, to see
How fair a place this world might be.
He could n't afford it.

He never went to see a play,
He could n't afford it;
His love for art he put away,
He could n't afford it.
He died and left his heirs a lot,
But no tall shaft proclaims the spot
In which he lies—his children thought
They could n't afford it.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

DIFFERENT NOW.

"Why are you so bitter against
Uncle Nebuchadnezzar?"

"He lost his money shortly after we
named the baby for him."—*Pittsburgh Post.*



**Bouvier
BUCHU
GIN**

BEST BEVERAGE
TONIC

A delightful DRINK; an
excellent TONIC for the
KIDNEYS and BLADDER.

Ask for it anywhere
liquors are sold.

A FEAT.

"Have you any invisible hairpins?"
"Certainly, madam."
"Could I see them, please?"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

FRANK HITCHCOCK has changed the
name of Cobb, Fla., to Baker. Bet-
ting on the Athletics again this year,
Frank?—*Washington Post.*

"You ought to be glad that
you will be electrified instead of
hanged," said a prison visitor to
a convicted murderer.

"Why?" asked the felon, in
surprise.

"You suffer greatly from
rheumatism, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, electricity is the best,
known remedy for that."—*Epoch.*

"He drinks heavily."

"I know it."

"He gambles."

"I am going to marry him to
reform him."

"My girl, listen to me. Try one
experiment before you do that."

"What experiment?"

"Take in a week's washing to
do, and see how you like it."
—*Courier-Journal.*

"Why don't you give your
wife an allowance?"

"I did once, and she spent it
before I could borrow it back."
—*Washington Herald.*

TEST FOR YOURSELF

Mix the best cocktail you know
how — test it side by side with a

Club Cocktail

No matter how good a Cocktail
you make you will notice a smooth-
ness and mellowness in the Club
Cocktail that your own lacks.

Club Cocktails after accurate
blending of choice liquors obtain
their delicious flavor and delicate
aroma by ageing in wood before
bottling. A new cocktail can
never have the flavor of an aged
cocktail.

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standard blends, bottled, ready
to serve through cracked ice.

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DID N'T KNOW THE AUTHOR.

A well-known comedian says that
many years ago, when he was a mem-
ber of a company playing "She Stoops
to Conquer," a man without any money,
wishing to see the show, stepped up to
the box-office in a small town and said:
"Pass me in, please."

The box-office man gave a loud,
harsh laugh. "Pass you in? What
for?" he asked.

The applicant drew himself up
haughtily and answered: "What for?
Why, because I am Oliver Goldsmith,
author of the play."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," re-
plied the box-office man, as he hur-
riedly wrote out an order for a box.—
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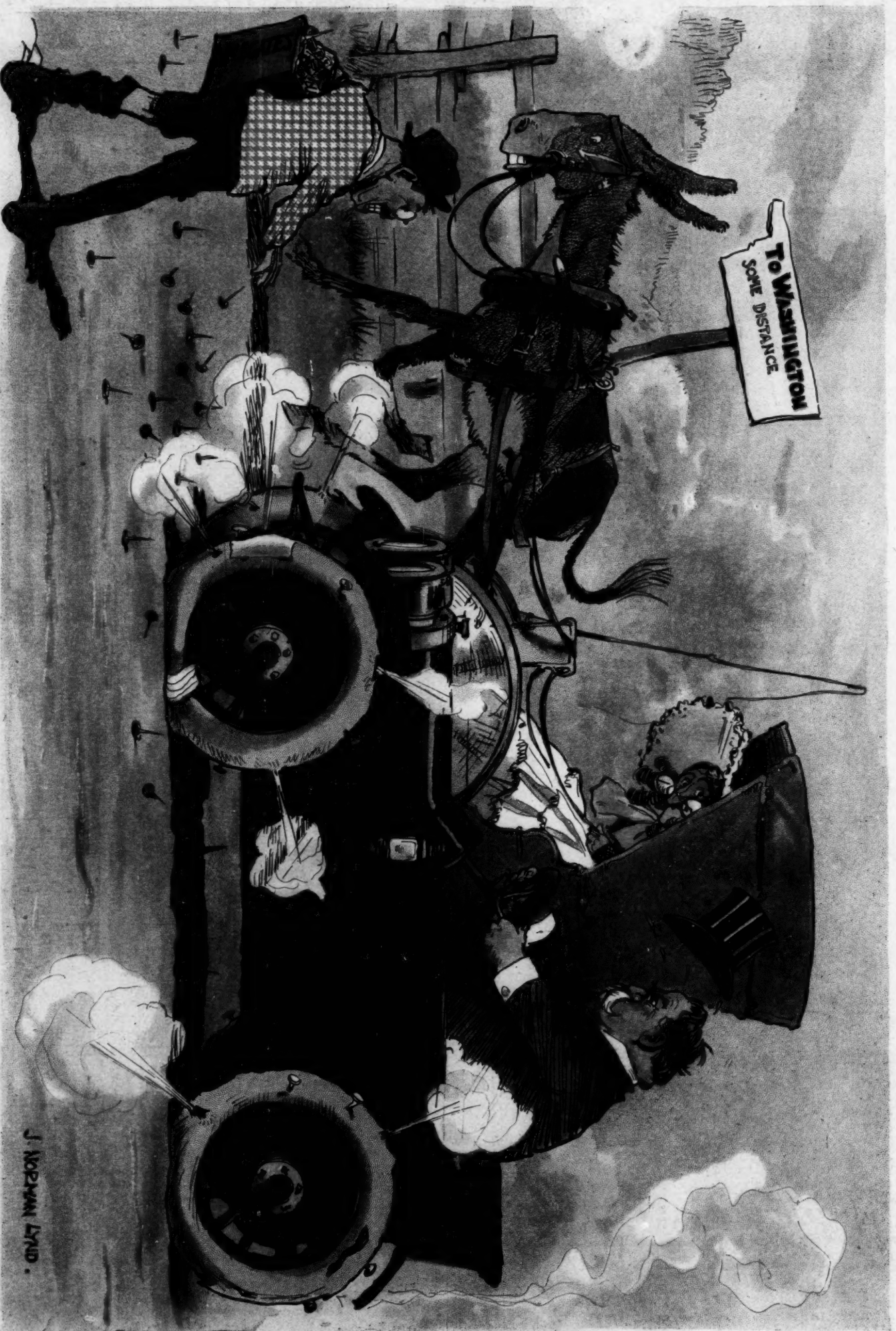
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ON THE POLITICAL PIKE.

MISS DEMOCRACY (*complacently*) — Tacks don't hurt us, do they, Donkey?